

Lincoln County Leader.

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"PUT HER THERE."

The Young Man Who Evidently Has The Law on His Side.

The other day a lank young man from the country, accompanied by a good looking young woman, arrived in the city and stopped at our hotel. "I want you to do the best you can for us," said the young man to the clerk.

"We've just got married and want to splurge a little. Down in my country I'm the boss. I ken hit nigh any man in the community, and the split moccasins in a day, then anybody's quarterback-kneed Bill, the old Gopher, digger what weeks on the Lige Sanders place. You know Lige Sanders, I reckon. Not well, you ain't started around much. Julie, my wife, is calculated to be the best-looking woman in the county. Dinged if I thought I could git her. I always thought that Nat Wootley was the boss, with her until last week when she told me that Nat was a dinged fool and puther hand in mine so trusin' like, that I couldn't squiz her and used her to be mine. Then that appeared a blit-tens in her eye, that very eye what's a skinnin' over that right now, and she said, says her, 'Rube, I'm yours for life.' What're you fellows scruffin' round and gosmin' about. Mr. Hotel man you don't keep much manners in your house. Tell us what our room is, please. Say, I reckon we'll have the range big room whar all them big lookin' glasses is a skinnin'."

"Do you mean the parlor?" asked the clerk, twisting one of his diamond shirt studs.

"Yes, the parlor."

"Certainly, sir."

The young man and his wife followed a grubbing negro and ascended to the parlor. Shortly afterwards the clerk, while passing the parlor door, saw Rube throw his arms around his bride and kiss her.

"Here," said the official, "none of that. If you stay in this room you've got to behave yourselves."

"Ain't I got a right to kiss her?" asked the young man.

"Yes, but not here."

"I've got a right to kiss her here or anywhar else. She's mine, ain't you Jules?"

"Yes, Rube."

"Didn't the juries of the peace say that you must cling to me?"

"Yes, Rube."

"And you are goin' to cling, ain't you?"

"You know I am, Rube."

"That's settle it. Puther than," and pinching up his mouth he received a loud, resounding smack. "The law of Arkansas says you can put her there, and put her there again. Jules. We're on a taxes moon. Put her there."

"A booye moon, Rube," timidly suggested his wife.

"A honey moon," he repeated. "I knowed that it was a sweet. Put her there. Newmister man—but the clerk had vanished, and Rube turning to his wife said: "After a while you'll find out that I'm a hero and a boss. Put her there!"—*Arkansas Teacher*.

The Man who Looks Like Him.

Mr. Prindle, a portly but employe at the White House, enjoys the distinction of having been taken for the President. The other day a newly-married couple from the Hoosier state visited the mansion, and were shown through it by Mr. Prindle with usual courtesy. Just as they were leaving, the groom turned to the guide, and handing him a \$1 bill, said, emphatically: "Take that, Mr. Arthur, take that! If I'd a come and seen you before election, darned if I wouldn't a voted for you!" And before Mr. Prindle could catch his breath the happy twain had stepped out into the falling snow.

The End of the World.

The age of the world is placed by some at five hundred millions of years, and still others, of later times, among them the Duke of Argyll, places it at ten million years, knowing what processes it has gone through. Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in a much earlier or later stage of existence.

The earth must become old. Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would at one time lose all its water and become dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct. As the earth keeps cooling, it will become porous and cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at the rate of about the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year.

At this rate in 6,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,600,000 years the water will have disappeared from the face of the globe. The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creatures we know can breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.—*Prof. R. A. Proctor*.

The Young South.

The Southern States are now rearing a large number of young men before whom the out look is bright. Some of them are sons of the old ruling families but many of them have sprung from the lower and middle classes. They enjoy the advantages of poverty; they have no money to spend in luxuries or diversions; they have fortunes to retrieve or gain; they have grown up since the war, and have inherited less than could be expected of its resentments. "Well," said a bright fellow at the close of a college commencement in Virginia last summer. "Lee and Jackson have been turned over in their graves, but once today." The sigh of relief with which he said it indicates the feeling of many of these young men. They keep no grudges and have no wish to fight the war over again. The sentiment of patriotism is getting a deep root in their natures.—*Century*.

The Contested Country Editor.

Once upon a time an editor in search of food was compelled to pawn his diamond shirt studs for a loaf bread. While conveying the humble meal to his master, a hungry dog ran off with it, and a few moments later robbins relieved the editor of his gold watch and \$500 money. Instead of being railed by these untoward incidents the editor smilingly remarked, "I thank the gods that I have still my appetite left." We are taught by this fable that true contentment is the greatest of all journalistic boons.—*Douglas Tribune*.

As Noble as Knights of Old.

As he recited of the knights of olden times was that noble act of two brothers, who walked and carried a woman who had broken her leg eighty miles, and stopping but twice on the road to eat, until she was brought to a place where a surgeon could attend her. She is now getting along nicely at the Commercial Hotel in this city.—*Yellow Stone Journal*.

A young man of Kenton county, Ky., has applied for a patent for a device to telegraph a train, running at the highest rate of speed, at any point on the road. He is also at work on a safe lock, to be operated by electricity, and which will require no key-hole in the door. A burglar could by no possibility open the safe by operating on the lock.

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Too Rich for the Blood.

Stanley Huntley, the author of the "Spoonendyke" sketches, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has been sent to sea by his physicians, where he is now cruising for the benefit of his health, which of late has been much impaired. We felt sure a man couldn't write the words "dead last" about seventeen times a minute for years, without getting all broken up.—*Boston Post*.

Waked up the Wrong Man.

"Well, what do you want here?" remarked Editor Smith, as he sat up in bed and addressed a professional burglar who stood in front of the bureaus. "I want money and banda," blessed the burglar, through his clenched teeth, "and quick about it, too." "My friend," reported Mr. Smith, "I've been looking for those things for the last twenty years without success, but go on with your burglary, I'm sleepy."

Warning to the "Times."—A Fable.

A Philadelphia burglar rashed out and tackled a tame bear, under the impression that it was a Newfoundland dog. After the bear wrook out about half an acre of Belgian pavement with him, they got the dog away, and he limped painfully back into the butcher shop, merely remarking to the gentleman whose meat cart he sleeps in, that the dog looked like a Newfoundland, but if he wasn't born in the north of Ireland there wasn't no snakes.—*Burlogton Hockeys*.

Too Short Acquaintance.

Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who misundertstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated.

"Oh don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.—*Yale Record*.

The Lime-Kila Club.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"What I am gwine to remark," observed the old man as Elder Toots quietly dropped off to dream of the eminences of the olden times, "am to de cileck dat dis club down Keer two cents wheder a member's gran'foller was hung for wakin' up a policeman aleep on his boat, or set in de halls of Congress wid his hat on his ear and his fam floatin' clear away comin' in de hind. It am not dead gran'foller but dat filin' member we has to do wid. If Broder'r Pitt's great uncle was king of de Canibal Islands dat don't help Samuel to pay his rent or ivy his tators. Whileng Hawkaw may trace his blood back to me Emperor who owned 10,000 mucks, but Wimbleton will pay a fine of three dollars 'every time he spits on de steva, same as de rest of you. Boomerang Johnson could no doubt establish de fact dat he mo' descended from a household which could pay a milk-bill widout havin' to pay de side-board, but it am neberthless sartin dat Bruder Johnson won't have any pancakes grow cold on his table dis winter."

"Judge a man as you find him, an' don't forget dat de son of a Senator kin display all de meanness expected of de son of a convict. If dar am any member in dis club who wants his lineage traced back six or seven thousand years to see whether his refreshuns took fast or second cabin passage in de ark, or wants his blood strained to see if it am blue or red, let him go ahead; but at de same time fisc it my dooty to warn sich pasons dat it am fur cheaper to buy a ten-cent gnatlet an' hire a five-cent boy to bore a hole in de top of yer head an' let de wanty blow itself off. De secketary will now call de roll an' make out a list of sich members as want to trace deir blood back to Ham."

The "Fascinator."

From the Toledo Journal.

A lean visaged individual from the outlying "destricts" went into a Monroe street hardware store yesterday, and enquired if they had any "fascinators." He said he had been building a barn, and in starting for town to buy nails his wife had directed him to get her a "fascinator." The clerk didn't know what a "fascinator" was, neither did the man who wanted it. "I spouse the old woman knows, but I don't he remarked. The clerk said they might have 'eminstock, and probably did, but he didn't know them under that name. The would-be purchaser scratched his chin with his thumb, and after thinking it over for some time concluded it must be some kind of a new lock, or fastener, and then he smiled audibly to think what a goose the "old woman" had made of herself in handling the name. "Fascinator! Well I swow!" Then he laughed again and so did the clerk, and the latter sold him a double lock action new funged sort of a lock, warranted to securely fasten anything from a bull pen to a bank door. Probably when he got home the "old woman" explained to him in vigorous language the nature of the "fascinator," and will make him march back to town to-morrow and swap his high-priced lock for the article of weacing apparel she had been calculating on.

Miss Sallie Stokes, the Arkansas young lady, who killed another belle by cutting the latter's carotid artery with a Bowie knife, has been acquitted. After the trial she egged the jurors into a private room where she cried and thanked them until there was not a dry eye present. The state of Arkansas has reason to be proud of this noble specimen of American womanhood who dared to assert the right of her sex to kill and be killed; a glorious privilege usurped by the men. When women are permitted to die with their boots or shoes on a long step will have been made toward complete emancipation. We are prepared to advocate the placing of the Bowie knife in the hands of women. Armed with the Bowie knife, the bullet, six shooters and a shot gun women would be the peer of any man in Arkansas, and would be in a position to properly train her children and her husband.—*Kansas City Journal*.

There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well bred, to all rational morals, namely, their dissipation. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or scintle, or leprosy, or thunder stroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning to which all the housemates bring serous and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and gravitas. Content of the aurora. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape.—*Emerson*.

Word comes from the East that we are to have a new fashionable dance, alongside of which the quadrille is tame and subdued. In order to be danced properly, steel springs in specially constructed shoes are necessary. The inventor of this dance is a young dancing master, who conceived the main ideas while suffering from an attack of delirium tremens.

If revolvers could not be sold for less than \$500 apiece with a guarantee on the part of the vendor, signed by good sureties, that he would support the widows and orphans, you would see more longevity lying around loose, and western cemeteries would cease to roll up such mighty majorities.—*Bonapart*.

Dr. Bliss, who has been represented as being very beligerent because the Board of Audit allowed him only \$6,000 for his services to the President, walked up like a man and pocketed the amount. It is probably more than he has made in five years before.

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